

it's the same dried remorse in a bowl i'm too lazy to clean

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it's the same dried remorse in a bowl i'm too lazy to clean

by [AliceFromLVJY](#)

Summary

Wilbur huffs. "If you were as much me as you say you are, you'd know I just don't like you."

The kitchen light is the worst in his entire house, but he hasn't gotten to changing it yet. It's still dirty and yellow and keeps flickering once he's switched it on. Will's eyes are hidden in its shadow; it makes his hair look like cheap brass wire.

Wilbur hates that it is softer than his own when he buries his fingers in it.

Will leans back against the kitchen counter and up into his touch with a shiver. He smells like Wilbur's own day-old sweat. It should be disgusting but is just familiar enough to not matter.

When Wilbur opens his front door that night, he sees himself waiting outside.

Notes

tw for mildly dubious consent and mentions of eating disorders / body checking.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

It's a Chinese takeout kind of night, which isn't a bad thing per se, hadn't Wilbur opened the

containers and let the wooden chopsticks snap apart and then proceeded to stare at his Netflix front page for a good twenty minutes, unfocused, unmoving, until his food had already gotten lukewarm. He might have had an additional glass of wine after that out of spite.

None of it explains how when the doorbell rings again and he makes his way through the hall to practically rip the door open, he sees himself waiting outside.

"Good to know I've lost it completely, then", he says.

The person opposite him should not exist. Their stance and the way they've got their arms by their sides, the empty look in their eyes that Wilbur has seen on himself on camera more times than he can count and that he only really knows the feel of— none of it is replicable to this degree of accuracy. They are *wrong*.

(Wilbur finds he doesn't like that gaze at all when it's directed towards him.)

"— what the fuck are you?"

Hearing his voice out of someone else's mouth that could be him if Wilbur didn't know for sure they aren't makes him want to cringe. They talk more quietly than he does. Their words are scratchy as if unused, unoiled.

"I'm Will, like you", they say. "And I'm pretty positive I'm real. You're good."

It all clicks together in Wilbur's head when Will breaks eye contact and looks down at the floor. The creme-white patterned sweater he's wearing, the pained look in his eyes, the jumpiness that's written into the lines of his body like someone could raise a hand against him any moment; and then the fact that he looks actually, genuinely younger than Wilbur. He remembers that that's exactly what he was going for in a certain music video.

He bites back the urge to slam the door right back in his own face and shakes his head. "There's a reason for why you never got to have a fucking name."

"I'm you, though. At least I am your creation."

And Wilbur reaches for his wrist and yanks him off-balance. Will stumbles across the threshold to nearly crash into him, catches himself on the wall. Wilbur's fingers tighten around his wrist before he lets go. He leads the way to the adjacent kitchen.

"You don't like late-night visitors all that much, huh?"

Wilbur huffs. "If you were as much *me* as you say you are, you'd know I just don't like you."

The kitchen light is the worst in his entire house, but he hasn't gotten to changing it yet. It's still dirty and yellow and keeps flickering once he's switched it on. Will's eyes are hidden in its shadow; it makes his hair look like cheap brass wire.

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"You wanna fuck?", Wilbur asks, voice low.

He gets half a smile for it, something tired and much too knowing. "Ever since when do you fuck

men?"

Wilbur gets ahold of both his wrists this time, slams his hands down onto the counter and forcefully slots a knee between his legs. Will's open-mouthed gasp blooms into a moan halfway through, resounds in the room so loudly Wilbur feels bad for it. They're alone, though. They're all alone.

"Today", he replies.

Wills eyes slide shut. "Do you treat the women you sleep with like that, too?"

"Oh, don't you dare fucking— only you. And you happen to fucking like it anyway. Pain slut."

Will hums and starts grinding down against Wilbur's leg shamelessly. "I think it's cool that the answer to all problems can just be sex. Don't wanna deal with something? Rail it into next week. I — ah— haven't been doing that enough myself." His voice is thick with unconcealed sensation.

"Shut up", Wilbur hisses and drops his leg. Will's hips stutter upwards for a brief moment; there's already a small dark spot spreading where his dick is tenting his pants. Wilbur watches both of it with increasing satisfaction.

"Get off your trousers", he says and seizes Will's waist once he's hastily unclasped his belt, shoved them down his thighs. He shouldn't be able to physically lift his own weight that easily but manages to push Will backwards-upwards on top of the kitchen counter anyway. Will is thin, he realises then. His hipbones are accusingly sharp beneath Wilbur's hands when he slides them down his sides. It lights a spark of old, long-buried longing inside him.

He tugs Will's jeans off the rest of the way, gets ahold of his shoes with it. "Do you ever eat?", he asks quietly.

Will laughs, a bittersweet sound. "Go on, do it. I know you want to."

He really, really shouldn't. He shouldn't have allowed for this situation to present itself in the first place. But Wilbur knows he's as flawed as he's always been, so he brings both his hands together to form a circle around Will's left thigh right behind his knee. Slides it upwards. He makes it halfway up his thigh before he has to loosen his grasp. Will's dick twitches at the edge of his field of view, half-hidden by his sweater.

A hand sneaks down Wilbur's back. "You're doing better than me, I think", Will whispers.

"Don't fucking touch me."

"What am I gonna do, then?"

Wilbur puts his hands back on Will's sides, digs his thumbs into the spaces between his ribs. Will flinches. Wilbur wonders if he could break some bones tonight if he tried hard enough.

"You're gonna take. You're gonna take it all."

Will lets his head fall back with a rough swallow that has his Adam's apple bobbing in the hard light. His bared neck looks inviting, open, biteable. It's a gesture of vulnerability towards someone who he should know is the only person capable of hating him more than he hates himself.

Wilbur doesn't know if he's looking to find mercy or cruelty with him.

"You're disgusting", he says and smoothes a thumb over the line of his throat, loosely wraps a hand around it. Will moans through parted lips.

Wilbur lets go, takes one of Will's hands, gathers saliva in his mouth and generously spits into it. "Might wanna add your own, too", he says with a mean smile. "I'm too lazy to go and find lube right now."

Will looks at him almost apologetically. He follows Wilbur's example, pulls one knee up to his chest and snakes his hand down to his ass with an oppressing kind of eagerness. Scrunches his eyes closed in an approximation of pleasure when he slowly presses a finger inside himself. It has to burn like a bitch anyway, Wilbur figures.

"Pain slut", he murmurs again, lets his tongue flick out against the sharp spot of shade on Will's throat. He gets a startled inhale for it. "Don't take too long now. I'm getting impatient. Someone needs to get their dick inside you and make you right."

"Fuck", Will grits out—a single broken syllable.

He stuffs in a second and third finger and wiggles them inside to the second knuckle by sheer force. Wilbur didn't know his voice could sound this pathetic. Weirdly enough, it makes it easier to stroke his own dick to hardness. Will eyes it like a starved animal; his tongue is sticking out the smallest bit between his teeth while he's working himself open. He's a perfectly debauched, perfectly sinful manifestation of the very concept he exists to critique.

That's the point of it, though. Wilbur made him to be that way. He is only ever allowed to get angry at himself.

He steps forward until he's standing between Will's legs and his knees are touching the counter. Will leans back. "You can be rough", he says like it's his decision to make.

Wilbur has guided the tip of his dick inside before he can get second thoughts about fucking another man. He pushes in the rest of the way in increments, each thrust checked off by a punched-out noise coming from Will's mouth that makes Wilbur want to slam him into a wall.

It turns out fucking himself feels terrible on all levels except physical. He groans quietly into the space between their bodies. The world is heat and delicious, delicious tightness.

"This is different", he manages after half a minute.

Will keeps clenching and unclenching around him. "Just picture a pretty woman you'd rather have. It's all the same if you close your eyes, or whatever I've hear—"

Wilbur slaps him across the cheek so hard his own hand stings with it.

The sound, this time, bounces off the kitchen walls loudly enough Wilbur is sure it's woken up some higher being that'll come to devour them both—until he remembers he's been ripping through the fabric of reality with every fingertip on Will's body ever since his doorbell rang earlier. They'd be there already, lining up neatly in his front yard to all catch a nice bite.

"Right. You wouldn't—with women—only me", Will mumbles.

He's dreaming this up. None of it is real.

"Gonna fuck me anyway? Please?"

His subconscious has a horrible sense of comedy.

Wilbur grabs one of Will's legs and throws it over his shoulder. Will loses his balance and crashes into the jar behind him that holds Wilbur's narrow supply of kitchen knives, and Wilbur shoves them away to the side only after toying with the idea of reaching for one. He's inside a man no one would ever begin to look for if he were gone.

"You wouldn't be missed", he tells Will.

Will braces his arms on the counter again. He nods enthusiastically. "Yeah, I know. Do it."

Wilbur wishes he weren't such a fucking coward and *could* do it more than anything else. Will's waist is terribly small beneath his hand; the bones of his shoulder burn lines into the other with how much they stick out. It makes Wilbur sick all the way down to his stomach. He adjusts his angle a little and knows he's hit something good when Will keens, knits his eyebrows together in day-clear pain and a kind of pleasure that seems to hurt even more.

He reaches for his dick frantically. Wilbur slaps his hand away.

"Let me take care of that for you", he whispers, saccharine.

The slide of his dick inside Will is much too rough already. Will's erection is straining all the same, flushed and nearly purple at the head. It twitches when Wilbur wraps a hand around it—and this is something he's used to now, something casual and near-automatic. He knows his own anatomy intimately.

Will whimpers when he starts stroking him off, shameless and so full of feeling Wilbur has to look away.

"Oh—that's good, fuck—please. Please. I'm gonna fucking come, I'm gonna—!"

Wilbur lets go the moment he feels it shoot up his dick, and Will shudders through his orgasm untouched. It's short and looks almost painful going by the way Wilbur has to pin his hips to the counter firmly to stop them from vibrating, by the tears forming in his eyes.

"Please", Will murmurs.

Wilbur shrugs and starts moving again. Will shivers with overstimulation at every thrust. He looks lost to the world already.

"Cry about it", Wilbur says.

There is something beautiful and very right about how Will's sweater looks with splatters of come all over it, about how his eyes slide shut in exhaustion and he tries to press his lips together first and then has to open his mouth anyway to breathe, breathe, breathe. It's high and choked-off and makes something dark curl in Wilbur's chest.

He leans further over the counter, presses Will's arms down by his wrists again and chases the right angle to stoke the fire building low in his gut. The friction grows more delicious with every push of his hips. Will's hole flutters around his dick.

Shooting his load inside himself gives him about four seconds to feel and not think, and then twice the whiplash afterwards. He tips his head back and stares into the ceiling lights. Blinks.

"You could've asked if I wanted it", Will complains. He winces when Wilbur pulls out and stuffs

himself back into his own trousers carelessly.

Wilbur nudges his legs a little further apart, caresses the inside of his thigh in mock-sympathy. The residue of their fuck drips out of his hole, down the counter, onto the floor. Wilbur pushes it back in with two fingers that meet no resistance, feels it slip down their side into the palm of his hand. Will moans.

"You did", Wilbur says. "God, you're filthy."

"Cause you made me that way. I'm yours. I'm all yours."

Instead of an answer, Wilbur crooks his fingers and digs them into the soft tissue and wishes he wouldn't have to keep his nails as short as they are.

"Fuck!", Will practically yells. "Don't stop. Hurt me. Can you— please touch my fucking dick already. Please."

And Wilbur decides that everyone deserves mercy at some point.

Will is hard again or maybe has never not been. Wilbur's hand is sticky, the angle is weird and wrong and there is nothing left to ease his movement, but Will shudders into every downward stroke with his entire body anyway. He tries to grind down onto Wilbur's fingers and push up into his hand at the same time with so much desperate vigour he'd have long fallen off the counter if it weren't for Wilbur blocking him off.

Wilbur leans down, nibbles at his earlobe. "Come for me one more time right now. Do it." He presses his lips to the sensitive spot underneath.

The reaction is immediate. Will's body goes tight like a bowstring and shakes through it in breaking waves that punch small helpless noises out of him; shattered pieces of a crystal that slide all across the counter. His come is warm like fresh blood and coats Wilbur's entire hand. Wilbur wonders, briefly, if they share the same DNA.

"Good boy", he says, voice dripping venom.

He regrets it when Will *whimpers* and looks up at him with glazed-over, pleasure-laden eyes, and Wilbur knows once again what it feels like from the other side. It makes him want to gauge Will's eyeballs out and stuff them down the sink. It makes him question why none of the women he's slept with have irrevocably fallen in love with him and promised to stay by his side just to be able to look into those eyes again.

"You did this to me", Will whispers hoarsely.

— and Wilbur decides that everyone deserves gentleness, even, so he reaches out and firmly wraps his arms around him. Wipes his hand on his sweater while he's at it. Will returns the hug like he expects Wilbur to put a hand to his face again any second; buries his head in the crook of Wilbur's neck and presses closer when he doesn't for an entire twenty seconds. He sighs. Wilbur feels sadness move beneath his skin like lead and knows, knows, that he won't find the drain to let it flow off. There is none.

"I did this to you", he says.

"It's okay", Will replies, voice small and hot against his skin. "You had to. Kiss me?"

Wilbur can admit to himself that he's looked into the mirror before and run a finger across his

lower lip and wondered what it feels like to kiss his mouth. The fucking tooth fairy could've manifested behind him right then and told him he'd find out this way, right here in his own kitchen, and he'd have told her to fuck off. Some magic is excusable. Some is impossible.

— it doesn't feel much different from kissing any other mouth.

Will closes his eyes with a satisfied hum and lets himself be kissed, readily opens his lips for Wilbur to dip his tongue into his mouth, prod at the sharp edge of his teeth. He tastes uneventful: like spit and stale coffee. He's started shivering at some point; from his touch or from being half-naked in a cold room, Wilbur doesn't know. The way Will has wrapped his legs around his waist tightly and presses him closer and closer like he wants to disappear into his skin might have something to say.

When they break apart, there is rain in Will's eyes. He snuffles. "No one has ever—"

"I know", Wilbur says. "I know."

And he lifts Will off the counter, holds him steady at the waist for a moment when he visibly sways, blinks the fatigue out of his eyes. He remembers the uneaten takeout on the living room table that's surely cold by now.

His own come drips down Will's thigh. Wilbur has to look away.

"You can go use the bathroom. There should be spare towels in the cupboard somewhere, just grab one of those and leave it on the floor when you're done", he says.

Will leaves the bathroom a steamy mess after taking way too long in the shower. Wilbur spends half an hour paralysed on the couch wondering if he's trying to scrub the memory of his hands off his body. He might have done a bad thing. He doesn't think the reality Will comes from cares about consent all that much.

"Can I sit next to you?", Will asks, then, once Wilbur has handed him a plate of fried rice and a fork and pulled up some video on Youtube about the lobster fishing industry in Maine. They're sat on the far ends of Wilbur's couch. Will's hair is still damp, drips down the back of the hoodie Wilbur has given him that makes him look smaller than he is.

Wilbur thinks he might burn the other one.

"No", he replies.

Will blinks at him, smiles carefully. "We could— you can have me whenever, you know. I said I'm yours."

The implication of what he's saying makes Wilbur dizzy with disgust. *I did this to you.*

"Stop with the bullshit and eat your food", he says. Adds, more quietly, "Please."

And Will turns his head and stuffs a forkful of rice into his mouth and chews and chews— longer than any reasonable person should. It has Wilbur forcing the contents of his own plate down his throat without tasting a thing.

Will falls asleep right there much later after he's watched him fight it for an eternity, force his eyes back open when they slid shut, again and again. He looks even younger when he's sleeping. The bone-deep exhaustion written into the curve of his lips doesn't soften.

Wilbur drapes a blanket over him. This might still all be some weird lucid dream.

He'll wake up tomorrow and won't have to deal with a version of himself that's already decided on being unsalvageable.

End Notes

thank you so much for reading! kudos and comments make me write!

(shouldn't be unclear but wilbur = the cc we know and love, will = the mv character)

the soft boy mv put a gun to my head and forced me to write this. specifically the pizza carton clip at the beginning of the second verse- go rewatch it right now and tell me he doesn't look like he's just been fucked through the orgasm of his life.

if you don't know me, i mainly write tombur! [here's](#) my series for them in case you liked this fic and wanna check it out.

[watch me lose my shit about wilbur live daily on blue bird app](#)

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!